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State Normal Magazine.

PRESIDENT JULIUS ISAAC FOUST.

ANNIE GOODLOE RANDALL.

When three days before the opening of the last scholastic year, death deprived this College of its great chief and founder, Dr. Charles Duncan Melver, the Board of Directors requested the Dean of the Faculty, Prof. Julius Isaac Foust, to assume the duties of acting President.

Prof. Foust accepted the trying and responsible position at the time most critical in the history of this institution. After serving through the year, his fitness was so apparent that at the meeting of the Board, May 29, 1907, he was chosen second President of the College.

President Foust was born at Graham, Alamance county, North Carolina, November 23, 1865. He is the son of Thomas C. and Mary Robbins Foust. His mother is a sister of Maj. W. M. Robbins, member of the 44th Congress from the Eighth (N. C.) district, and of Capt. F. C. Robbins, of Lexington, N. C.

Till he was nineteen, he worked on his father's farm during the spring and summer and in winter he attended the Graham Academy. Later he was a student in the Normal School in the same place under the principalship of Dr. W. S. Long. In 1885, he entered the University of North Carolina, where he remained two years. The following year, he taught at Caldwell Institute in Orange county. In the fall of 1888 he returned to the University where he graduated in 1890 with the degree of Ph. B. In the fall of that year he was made principal of the Graded School for the white children of Goldsboro, while our present State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Hon. J. Y. Joyner, was in charge of the city schools. Mr. Foust remained in Goldsboro one year and went as Superintendent of Schools to Wilson, where he reorganized and settled those schools upon a satisfactory foundation.

While there, he was married November 23, 1892, to Miss Sallie M. Price, then of Wilson, but originally of Washington, N. C. In the fall of 1894 he returned to Goldsboro, succeeding Mr. Logan D. Howell as Superintendent of City Schools, and was there till he came to the State Normal and Industrial College in 1902 to succeed Prof. P. P. Claxton as head of the department of Pedagogy. Within a few months, Hon. J. Y. Joyner was called to the Superintendence of Public Instruction of North Carolina, when Prof. Foust was made Dean of the Faculty, a position which he filled till called to the Presidency of the College.

Before coming to preside over the pedagogic department here, but without reference to this work which he had not then been called to consider, Prof. Foust spent some months visiting the Normal Schools of Massachusetts and of Connecticut.

While in Goldsboro he was elected President of the City Superintendents' Association and two years ago he was made President of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly. He is now State Director of the National Educational Association.

The fact that Dr. Melver intrusted to Mr. Foust the care of the College, during the many absences of the former, is assurance sufficient to the friends of the College that the Board of Directors has made no mistake in their choice of the second President. Mr. Foust has judgment and ability and the confidence and affectionate esteem of the students and of the faculty. As he has gone up and down the State in his quiet, modest way, he has made hosts of friends who wish him and this College "God speed."

COMMENCEMENT OF 1907.

The commencement of 1907 opened Sunday morning, May 26, in the auditorium of the Students' Building. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. James D. Paxton, of Lynchburg, Va. The preacher said:

"The subject to which I wish to call your attention this morning can be put into one word—pre-eminence. That is a subject which is not altogether unconsidered in academic and collegiate circles, and out yonder in the world, whither you are all bound, you will find that it is a subject which is, if anything, too much thought about—pre-eminence.

I want to give to your thought about this subject this morning a rather unusual turn. The text is to be found in the 18th chapter of St. Matthew, first verse. It is a question which is not treated in any college curriculum, and which is not answered in any of your college text-books. Here it is: "Who shall be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" That is a kind of pre-eminence that people do not always think about, and the thought that I want to start in your minds today is simply this—are Heaven's ideas of greatness anything like ours? Do they measure things in the same way? Are we in our large strivings seeking the best things that are to be had—or is it possible that we in common with all others with whom we live are busy making mistakes? "Who shall be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?"

This question will be much more easily answered if we could be at all sure that heaven's ideas of greatness are anything like ours. If I were to ask you today who are the great ones of the world, what would your answer be? If you have been trained in the modern school which estimates greatness in terms of dollars and cents, then instantly the names of certain men will spring to your mind, but if you turn to God's Word and ask the same question of it, we are told that it is a hard thing for the rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. You must have made a mistake. Try again. If you have

been trained to associate greatness with the tramp of armies and with the shock of battle, then the names of the world's heroes—its generals, its kings, its conquerors—will occur to you at once. But again ask the question of these holy pages, and we are told: "He that will be great among you let him be"—what? King, conqueror, soldier, general? No. "Let him be your servant." We have made two mistakes. Let us try again. It may be that we have learned to think that "the pen is mightier than the sword," that ideas are the forces with which we rule the world; and so we conclude that the great men of the world are its statesmen, its prime ministers, its men who think great thoughts and form great plans. Once more ask this Book, and we can turn to the page where we are told our Lord said: "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes."

It seems, then, that heaven's ideas of greatness are very different from ours; and if we were to ask ourselves today what are the things we are striving for in this world and who are the great ones, judged by heaven's standard, we must go far away from the field where men are living and working and striving in order to find the truth. The disciples were busy one day discussing this very question. They were puzzled over it. They did not know what the answer would be. They were walking along the road and they were discussing which one would be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven—the New Kingdom, as Christ called it. Peter thought he knew. Peter had dreams. He was a soldier. There was nobody in all that region who could manage the sword any better than Peter, and in his dreams I think he saw the last charge which would break the power of the Roman legions, and I think it was always Peter who was leading that charge. He expected to be the greatest in the new kingdom. And then there was John. John was the philosopher. He would have made a good prime minister, a good secretary of state. He thought that his ability would shine in the new kingdom. There were the others—Philip and Bartholomew—they all had similar

ideas regarding their own capacity. As they could not settle the question among them, they asked Him: "Who will be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" What was our Lord's reply? It was a great surprise to them all. He turned to the crowd, and out yonder on its edge He saw a little boy. He beckoned to him to come, and I think our Lord put his hands upon the boy's shoulders and presented him to the disciples and said: "Here is your model. If you want to be great in the kingdom of heaven, all of you must put away these ideas, you must become as a little child."

Now that is the thought that I bring to you today. Child-likeness is synonymous with greatness—pre-eminence, illustrated by childhood. And I propose that we now ask ourselves very simply in what respect we must imitate the children if we are to be truly great—great according to the standards of Heaven.

I wish to call your attention to three or four different attitudes, and first is the attitude of mind. I would call that simplicity. Simplicity is the child's attitude of mind. You know what simplicity is. It is the being satisfied without having our questions always answered. I know perfectly well that the children are always asking the question, "Why?" but they are easily satisfied and a hundred, a thousand times a day they are acting upon principles and determining results which they do not understand. That is what I call simplicity. I want to recommend that as your attitude of mind as you go out into the world. It is the acting as if we understood when really we do not. Simplicity is that influence which will enable us to smile in the presence of unanswered questions. Take that to be your attitude. What is this great world for? What is it that the Universe says to us? What is it that time whispers? "What does it all mean?" the thoughtful of us must often ask, and I believe that we shall come nearer in answer to that question when, with the simplicity of the little child, we try to look up and say: "I do not know, but I have a God who does." Now that is simplicity, and if I bring to you nothing else today, if I can only get you to take

this one thought into your hearts and keep it there—the idea that this world was not intended to be understood, the idea that God made the world, and therefore man cannot understand it. Take that syllogism out with you. Spread it out over your life, write it on your heart, rebuke yourselves often with this question—understand? Why should I? You know there are many in the world who want to understand things. Do not take that position. It is fundamentally false. Your college course, I am sure, has taught you this—the abysmal depth of human ignorance; and the difference between you and your teachers, for example, is not merely that they know more than you do, incidentally and temporarily, but it is that they know more about the depth and height and breadth, the height that you have not scaled yet, and the breadth of ignorance which you have not penetrated. Now that is the kind of a world we are living in. Lift your eyes, look anywhere, open any textbook, in whatever science, and let me ask you if there is anything that can be mentioned which you can understand—to the end, I mean—the end where you will reach the basic, fundamental question. Before you get through you stand face to face with some mystery which tells you to halt. Now simplicity is that in a man which enables him to say, “Thank God for mystery, thank God for problems.” But often in our search for truth we find things which we cannot understand and we say to ourselves: “I have made a mistake, I am on the wrong road, I must turn back, I must find some other way.” I would have you decide today that mysteries will show that you are on the right road, which is the road God intended you to take. He intended this world to be filled with mystery in order that it might be a world for faith and simplicity. The simple attitude is the attitude which accepts all this and is glad of it and then proceeds to act as if it understood.

Now the question which fills my heart with anxiety today about you is this—whether you have reached the point of seeing that accomplishment and achievement in this world are but relative in their action, never absolute. The further we go, the greater seems the distance beyond; the greater the

light, the greater appears the surrounding darkness. If you can understand that and then if you can take this—this simple attitude of being glad that there is so much that you do not know (because every mystery is a sign-post pointing to God and heaven) then I say: "Go out into the world. It can hold no terror. You have the open sesame to every gate of intellectuality: patience, contentment and happiness."

Now that is the first way in which I think we must imitate the children—in their simplicity. What is the next? In their sunshine. Did you ever know a child who hadn't a great deal of sunshine in his possession? Why when the mother says of her baby boy: "He isn't well today," it only means that he is not frisking and playing around in his usual bright spirits, and so she takes him in her arms and pets him a bit and says: "Baby isn't very well today, is he?" That would indicate that his normal condition would be one of sunshine. And so it is, the children are filled with sunshine. They are bright, they are cheerful, they are happy by disposition. Isn't it that which gives them such power in our homes, in our hearts? Our Lord Jesus Christ would teach us that sunshine is necessary to greatness; that as the angels, judging by heavenly standards, look down upon the earth to find great people, they look for the happy faces. Now I know perfectly well that this is rather a reversal of ordinary opinion. I know too well that in this world of ours it is natural for us to associate greatness with sombre looks and with solemn attitude, and great men from time to time think that it is beneath them and their conduct to smile and that it would be almost a crime for them to really laugh. Give me a man who knows how to laugh—a good, hearty laugh. I believe that "sunshine" really does spell "greatness." Now you can be a pessimist if you will. I do not know anything that is easier in this world than being pessimistic. If you want to, just look for the clouds; you can nearly always see them, and if you never look for anything else the cloud becomes characteristic of your life. Now by sunshine I do not mean just gaiety or frivolity. I mean sunshine which is deep and abiding happiness.

Another question which gives me anxiety about you is this—have you learned to know that sunshine, contentment and gladness, seeing the best of things, looking for compensation, never being cast down, never being discouraged, never being disheartened—have you learned that that is the way to live? Every hour of a man's life will bring him something to be glad for if he will look for it, but if he never looks in the other direction and sees only the clouds why it is a very different matter. You can find a cave if you want to and go and live in it if you choose, but that will not alter the fact that above the cave, somewhere, there is a pleasant glade lighted by God's own sunshine. Why not live there? Sunshine—I believe that is childlike, and I believe that if you and I are to be great from Heaven's standpoint we must have that kind of childlike sunshine. We can allow ourselves to be deceived by appearances. We say: "Yes, it is a dark, gloomy world," because we have shut our eyes. We can say: "There is nothing but thorns," because we do not look at the flowers. We can say: "Everything is going wrong, people are getting worse," because we allow discouragement to creep into our heart; and so I want to bring you this message this morning, a message of truth—to tell you that it is a glorious world to live in, and if you will take the sunshine you will be truly great, and that being so, you will naturally be childlike after all. Now if simplicity is an attitude of mind, sunshine is an attitude of heart.

These are two childlike attitudes and now I have another, the attitude of conduct. What shall we call that? Consistency is the word I am after. We must imitate the children in their simplicity and their sunshine and their consistency. I think that the children are the only consistent people in the world, but it does not take them long to outgrow it. A consistent person is one whose conduct and whose creed correspond. A consistent man is one who says: "I believe," and then goes out into the world and acts according to that belief. He is the same on Monday as he is on Sunday, almost—the same as near as possible. A consistent person is one who is

willing for others to see and know—before whom there is no opaque veil stretched to keep out the public eye. I think the children are consistent. If they believe something, they act accordingly, and they are perfectly willing that you know all about what is going on in their hearts. Their creed corresponds with their conduct. You will have to try pretty hard to imitate them. It is no easy thing. We are so accustomed to seeing our creeds soar into the sky like a kite while our conduct is here grovelling in the mud. Consistency says: "Shall we lower our creed or shall we lift our conduct to the skies?" It demands that these two things coincide. Now all of you have good creeds. I do not know what you are. Some of you may be Presbyterians, some of you may be Methodists, Baptists—I don't care what. I know that you all have good creeds. Now I say: "Live up to them. That is the way greatness comes." The great man must have a great creed and then make his conduct great to correspond. I am not giving you earthly wisdom now. I am giving you heavenly, because I believe that consistency is one of the characteristics of childhood.

Suppose a stranger should come to this world of ours. Suppose he should come from that much-abused planet, Mars. Let this oft-spoken-of man from Mars stay with us six months or a year and go into our stores, shops, factories and banks and take a look into our churches now and then. Let him come to our colleges and universities. At the end of six months we would say: "Now, Mister Man-from-Mars, we want you to tell us something. We have ten commandments which are regulating our lives. You have been watching us for a year, you must have a pretty good idea of us now, and we want you to write what you think those commandments are." What do you suppose they would be like? I think he would after much thought write them like this: "The first commandment is, Thou shalt have no other God but self. The second is, Thou shalt worship other deities at certain set times and by certain fixed forms and ceremonies and graven images and have nothing to do with them at any other time. The third in this new

decalogue would be, Thou shalt mention the name of God only in profanity or jest. The fourth would be, Remember the Sabbath day to do as you please. Six days thou shalt labor and do all thy work and on the seventh, thou shalt play. Thou must not go to church more than once a day and thou shalt not let thy man'servant or thy maidservant go at all. The fifth commandment of these much-degenerated times would be something like this, Parents, honor and obey your children that your days may be long and your home happy. The sixth would be, Thou shalt not kill, but do not try hard to be kind. The seventh might be, Be pure if you can; if you cannot, no matter. The eighth would likely be, Thou shalt not steal in insignificant sums. The ninth would probably be, Thou shalt not tell unnecessary lies save in business matters, in political life, in newspaper work or in social circles. The tenth would be, Do not stop to covet, take. I think the eleventh would be, Thou shalt not be found out. Have I been drawing a fancy picture? Do you not think that a stranger, coming into this world, just watching us that way, would suppose that these are the principles according to which we are trying to live? And then I think we would say to this man, "Wait a moment, we have something else for you to do. We have a creed upon which all of our churches agree, nearly all, and we are trying to live according to this creed. Now we want you to stay a little while longer and see if you cannot imagine what our creed must be." And by and by, he would come back and say this: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, when I think about Him, which isn't very often. I believe in Jesus Christ, His Son, but I have no longing to imitate His life. I believe in the day of judgment but it is a long way off. I believe in the Holy Ghost, but my longings for a holy life I keep under superb control. I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, that is, as much of it as I call my *own* church, and I suspect every other. I believe in the communion of saints, but for practical purposes I prefer to let most of them alone. I believe in forgiveness of sin, so much that I do not hesitate to keep on sinning. I believe that somehow, in some way, some time, it will

come right; at all events, I am going to risk it." That is the creed that I fear too many of us live in accord with. Now what is to be done? This—determine that, having good creeds, we will be consistent, we will live up to them by God's help and when we have done that we shall have become like the children once more and we shall be great in the kingdom of heaven.

Now I have given you three attitudes: the attitude of mind the attitude of heart and the attitude of conduct. I have an other still. It is the attitude of soul. What would you say was the childlike attitude of soul? I think again you can put it into a single word and that word is "purity," and what I mean by that is, freedom from all that spoils or mars. You know how beautiful, white and true and pure and clean the childlike mind seems. I do not say that they have high ideals already, but they have no low ones and it will be enough if we go through the world without having low ideals, because I contend that a man who has no low one, no debasing one, must necessarily have a high one, and I think there is always a danger when young people go out into life that their ideals may be lowered. Do not let any one steal your ideals from you. There are many kinds of thieves in the world but there is one kind that is the meanest of all—it is the thief which takes away from a man or woman his love for what is grand and true and high and loyal. Do not let any thief like that ever come near you. It is sometimes said by the cynic that the difference between a good man and a bad one is that the bad man has been tempted and the good man has not. There is a little truth somewhere in that, but it is not all true. We all must submit to difficulty and discouragement and hardship and temptation in the world. There is no question about that. The good man is the one who keeps his ideals through it all, who keeps his heart pure and true, and here human strength will fail a little. Here everyone of us must fall on our knees before God and ask for His grace just as John Bunyan, who was standing by the gate of the jail one day, said to a friend: "But for the grace of God there goes John Bunyan." He was

pointing towards a condemned murderer who was going through the yard; and so every one of us can say—we can point to poor wretches in lane, or road or street and we can say: "But for the grace of God that man, that woman, represents me." The grace of God can keep us firm and sure and true, and unless we are so kept we shall stumble and fall and go to the very bottom of the pit. Now what I mean by purity of heart is this—the clinging to what is noble. I mean the seeing of heaven while we realize that we are still standing upon earth; keeping our eyes skyward; taking heavenly values and bringing them to earth; taking earthly things and measuring them according to heavenly standards—that is purity of heart. It is saying: "God helping me I will think the best of the world, I will think the best of my fellowmen, I will believe good things about them as I expect them to believe good things about me." Is not that the childlike attitude? It seems that that is one of the things which can make us great according to the heavenly standard. Blessed, blessed are the pure in heart, or the people who stay pure in heart, for they shall see God.

And now, in the last place, another childlike attitude, the attitude of life. Do not forget these attitudes. Simplicity is the attitude of mind. Sunshine is the attitude of heart. Consistency is the attitude of conduct. Purity is the attitude of soul. And now this last, and it may include all that I have said, the attitude of life, and that is faith. Let me say again to you with abundant emphasis that this world was made for faith. I do not know about the other world. There may be other worlds of a different kind of architecture, but I think that this world is meant for faith. Every department of your scientific study tells you that. The thousands of unanswered questions tell you that. Yes, one voice after another tells us that this world was made for faith, faith in God as our Creator, faith in God as our constant Preserver. Now if you will look out into the world, intending to be in sympathy with it, why then you must take this idea of faith with you. You cannot get along without it. Just make up your minds to

that. Many persons try to go through this world without faith in their hearts—it means that they are groping, it means that they are struggling, it means that they are objecting, it means that they are denying faith, it means that they are out of harmony with everything about them. But when a man goes about the world with a real abiding faith in his Lord and Master, everything moves easily, the wheels will turn, things will be bright and the sun will be noticed. He will be in harmony, he will be ready for better things; and instead of life being a constant combat and battle, life will be but a growing, ascending victory. You all know what the faith of a child is so well that I shall not dwell upon it. Let me only illustrate it. A few years ago, in that queen of our Southern cities, the city of New Orleans, when the plague was raging there and when hundreds were dead and thousands seemed dying, a gentleman was one day wandering in the suburbs of the city and out there in the middle of a green field—he saw a boy lying on his back with his face upturned to the sky. The gentleman's curiosity was aroused. He climbed the fence, walked over to where the boy was and thought the little fellow was asleep, but no, his bright blue eyes were wide open. He was intently watching the clouds. The gentleman stopped near him and said: "Why, my boy, what are you doing here?" The boy glanced up at him and said: "I am waiting, sir." "Well," said the gentleman, "what are you waiting for?" The boy said he was waiting for God, and then, in a moment or so, he began to tell the story. Said he: "A week ago, sir, there was not a happier family in all the town than ours. There was my mother, father, and my little sister and my little brother and me. My name is Charlie. We were as happy as the day is long. Then the fever came and took away father first, and then my sister and the little baby went, too, and by and by mother and I were left alone." The child said this with a catch in his voice and then continued: "One day mother got sick. She called me to her bedside and said to me: 'Charlie, I am going away, too. God is going to take me away to where the others have gone, and my son, I want you

to wait just a little while and God will take you, too.' It was so lonely in the house, sir, when they took her away I thought I'd come out here. Do you think God will find me here just as well?" The gentleman was strangely moved.

"I think God must have sent me for you," said the man.

"Oh, has He?" said the boy. "You have been a long time coming, sir, but I knew, I knew God would come."

O childhood! Well may we look to thee for the lesson of faith, for without it we can never reach that home beyond.

And now, students of the graduating class, I thank you, one and all, very, very heartily for your having invited me to come and speak to you today. It gives me genuine pleasure to feel that I shall always be associated in your memories with this, one of the brightest days of your life. I will, if possible, give you just a word of cheer and of courage. You have been working hard. No one who graduates from this college does so without working hard. That is what you came here for. You are here because you are earnest, because you mean business and because you want to make of yourself the very best and the most. I am sure that thought has been in your heart all along. Well, then, I have just this to say to you: This world is a good, good world for people like you. If there are people who want to be idle and indifferent and careless and thoughtless, they had better go to some other world. This is not the place for them; but for the earnest, the loyal, for the devoted, for the people who really want to do great things, who want to be with great thoughts, this is a splendid world. I want to say to you, go out into this world without a thought that is gloomy or discouraging. Go out all on fire with eagerness and anticipation. The world will meet you more than half way, and you will not be disappointed. It is a good world for people who are earnest and well equipped and who trust in God.

And, now, my final word to you is just this: Let the skeptic growl, let the cynic bark, let the dyspeptic wail. I would have *you* sing and shout and trust and work. May God's blessings go with you all everywhere."

The above is the stenographic report of Misses Flossie and Clara Byrd, former students of this College.

On Monday, May 27, at 5 p. m., the Seniors' Class-day exercises were held in the auditorium of the Students' Building. The hall was decorated with daisies—the College flower—palms, fern and bamboo. The College Orchestra, composed of fifteen students and directed by Prof. C. J. Brockmann, made the music for this and other commencement exercises. This is the only woman's orchestra in the State and is a goodly corps of musicians.

To the music of the Orchestra, the Junior Class marched into the hall bearing a chain of daisies which they placed across the backs of the chairs on the rostrum to be occupied by the graduating class, when the Seniors came in and were seated.

Miss Nell Armfield, of Fredell county, the class president, welcomed the audience and presented the speakers: Miss Pattie Vaughan White, of Alamance, class historian, and Miss Kate M. Huske, of Forsyth county, class prophet. After the reading of these papers, Miss Armfield announced that the class of 1907 presented to the College a statue of Minerva to be placed in the entrance of the Students' Building.

From the building, the audience went to the campus. The lower classes marched in single file and formed a circle about the tree planted four years ago by the present Senior Class, the members of which followed in double file carrying chains of daisies and singing the class song. They entered the circle of the lower classes, gathered about their tree and made class gifts: To the Juniors, a document containing subjects for Senior essays, guaranteed to give satisfaction to the Faculty; to the Sophomores, a doll dressed in cap and gown; to the Freshmen, a bottle of ink and to the Preparatory class, a miniature ladder.

Miss Lucy Hawkins, of Louisburg, class poet, read her poem, after which was sung the class song, also Miss Hawkins' production.

Later the Class of 1905 gathered about their willow tree and conducted a most impressive ceremony of adoption of the small son of Mrs. W. M. Avery, who, as Miss Emma Sharpe, was a valued member of that class.

At 8 p. m. the big auditorium was again crowded to hear the six representative essays of the graduating class. President Foust introduced the class president, Miss Armfield, who took charge of the evening's program. The six essays read were those of Miss Eleanore Dixon Elliott, of Guilford county, subject, The Value of Modern Hymns; Miss Inez Koonce, of Jones county, subject, The World's Debt to the Hebrew Race; Miss Flora Thornton, of Rowan county, subject, Childhood in Poetry; Miss Pattie Vaughan White, of Alamance county, subject, Art in the Home; Miss Mary Robinson, of Anson county, subject, Friends and Enemies of the Microscopic World; Miss Kate Huske, of Forsyth county, subject, The Science of Advertising.

Dr. W. T. Whitsett gives each year a prize for the best essay read at commencement. The judges on this occasion: Prof. Geo. S. Wills, Rev. Dr. G. H. Detwiler and Mr. R. D. Douglas awarded the prize to Miss Pattie Vaughan White.

After the reading of the last essay, President Foust announced the presence of Gov. R. B. Glenn, who spoke for thirty minutes to the great delight of the audience generally and of the students especially. After this address the class song was again sung and the audience was dismissed.

The people of Greensboro and those of the State ever remember the Normal College as is proven by their attendance upon every public exercise within these walls. And so Tuesday morning brought another great throng to pay its tribute to the College and its work. President Foust opened the exercises by reading the following statement:

THE WORK OF THE YEAR.

It has been customary at each commencement to give a short summary of the work accomplished by the College during the previous session. This institution belongs to all the people

of North Carolina and they have a right to ask that those placed in charge of its affairs give some account of their stewardship and especially do I feel that this is due those citizens who are so interested in its welfare as to be present on these commencement occasions.

Since the founding of this institution fifteen years ago, it has passed through several severe crises. This past year will be noted in its history as the one in which its greatest loss and bereavement occurred. Last September, after all preparations for the opening had been completed, the great founder and first President of this College passed suddenly from among us. Others have spoken in fitting terms of his noble life and the great service which he has rendered to his native State. It is not my purpose on this occasion to attempt to add anything to what has already been said about the work of President Charles D. McIver. This College and the quickened public sentiment of North Carolina and other sections of the country along educational lines will be lasting monuments to his large service.

During the past year there have been enrolled in the College proper 461 students and in the Training School 384 children, making a total of 845 persons taught at this place. These students have come from eighty-seven counties of North Carolina. There have, therefore, been only ten counties, not including the new county of Lee, which have not been touched directly by the College during the session just closing. From the standpoint of the whole State this gives us the most representative student body we have had in the history of the institution except in 1895 when there were eighty-nine counties represented.

While the year has been in certain respects a sad one yet I do not believe it an exaggeration to state that honest, serious work has been done by the student body. I feel confident that at no place can there be found a band of young women who are dominated by a greater seriousness of purpose and a more wholesome determination than those found within the walls of

this College. The quality of the work during the past year will bear testimony to this statement.

A legislative year is always very trying to those who are responsible for the destiny of a State institution. While the recent General Assembly did not appropriate all the money we felt could be spent profitably it was, I think, fairly liberal. Our annual appropriation had been only \$45,000. This was increased \$25,000, thus giving the institution an annual appropriation of \$70,000. In addition to this \$50,000 in specials was appropriated. For the next two years, therefore, the Board of Directors will have at its disposal \$95,000 annually to maintain and improve the equipment of the College.

The courses of instruction have been changed and strengthened as rapidly as conditions in North Carolina would permit. As a Normal College this institution has two distinct problems to meet. In the first place provision must be made for giving to as many young women as possible sound scholarship and professional skill that they may perform the responsible duties of the school room. In the second place, we should endeavor to make as effective as possible the work of those teachers who are already engaged in the profession. With this latter object in view we have greatly strengthened the special courses for teachers. We have just closed one of these terms of two months at which we had about forty young women who had been engaged in teaching North Carolina schools during the past term. Too much emphasis cannot be given to this feature of our work, and as conditions permit we hope to make these special teachers' courses stronger and better adapted to the needs of the State's teachers.

The Faculty, with the approval of the Board of Directors, has decided to offer, at the opening of the next session, a course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Music. Under the courses of instruction that obtained before the adoption of the degree courses two years ago, we had a course in music which held equal rank with the other courses of the institution. In the readjustment, however, the way did not seem clear to offer a music course taking rank with the other degree

courses. After earnest thought, the Faculty became convinced that the State's only College for young women should have a strong course in this department, and consequently we believe that the institution is now in a position to offer to the young women of North Carolina a strong, substantial course of instruction giving special emphasis to music.

The Board of Directors at their meeting yesterday gave out the contract for the completion of this hall and we hope at our assembling one year hence to offer our friends and the public a more attractive auditorium. In addition to this work the Board also decided to make an addition to the south wing of the main dormitory, or Spencer Building. This will enable the College to accommodate about seventy-five additional students next year. The principal drawback in attempting to enlarge the scope of usefulness of the institution has been the lack of sufficient dormitory capacity. I believe it is the intention of the Board of Directors to supply this deficiency as rapidly as succeeding Legislatures increase in liberality. Other minor improvements have been made or are contemplated but time forbids my mentioning them in detail.

The founder of this College did his work with two distinct objects in view. In the first place he hoped to develop in North Carolina a great training school for teachers. That you may appreciate how thoroughly this feature has dominated the work it is only necessary to call your attention to the fact that out of the 357 graduates during the past fourteen years all but fourteen have taught school since their graduation. Along with the development of teacher training he hoped to make this the great College for the education of women in this section of the country. While he has laid down the work his ideals yet live and those whom he inspired will dedicate themselves to the accomplishment of the ends he had in view. With the support and encouragement of our friends this must be accomplished. We do not believe that it is any exaggeration to say that within the next decade the students will be numbered by the thousands instead of the hundreds, and that nowhere in

North Carolina will there be found a community untouched by the service which it is the mission of this your College to perform.

President Foust then introduced the speaker of the day, Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, of Philadelphia, whose subject was: The Teacher in a Republic. He said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is with peculiar pleasure that I come here this morning to join with you in this auspicious exercise. My mind goes back to an earlier time in the history of this College when I had the good fortune to attend a banquet, either just before or immediately succeeding your commencement exercises, when I was on my way to the neighboring college of Guilford for their commencement exercises, and I see here the substantial evidences of growth and all the things that should bring cheer and comfort to the friends of this great school. But I miss in the greetings of this morning the one man whose fame overshadowed your institution and who stood out a national leader in the educational work of this great country and I long this morning for the "touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still."

But the choicest asset of this great Republic is life, and the great people in the Republic are those who devote themselves to life, and they do that in two ways. One can be a benefactor of the Republic by lengthening the years that our people live in the Republic or he can be a benefactor of the Republic by increasing the quality of the life that is lived in the Republic, and where one devotes himself to lengthening or to enriching life he is in either case a benefactor of the State, a hero among his kind. And for the conservation of life five great groups of people are set in the Republic. The first of these is the soldier. It is the business of the soldier to defend the life of the Republic from foreign invasion and foe. The second is the lawyer, including the judges of the bench, whose business it is to see that justice prevails in the Republic. The third is the doctor, whose business it is to see that the Republic is kept in health. The fourth is the merchant, whose business

it is to feed the Republic. The last is the teacher, including the minister of God, whose business it is to impart truth in the Republic.

And just as these live for the Republic so on occasion it is the solemn duty of each and all of them to die for the Republic: the soldier, rather than desert his post in time of danger, the lawyer, rather than allow injustice or mob rule to prevail, the doctor, rather than leave his patient in the time of malignant disease, the merchant, rather than feed impure food to the people or allow ill to come to those who produce that food, and the teacher must die rather than allow untruth to prevail in the Republic. So you see that this honorable profession to which these young women's preparation dedicates them this morning links itself to those that are rendering the large service and who are destined to do the vital things for the nation.

It has been said betimes that the schoolmaster is an impractical and in many ways a visionary person. I have even had it hinted to me that school teachers ought to have guardians appointed to take care of them and I find that even Sir Walter Scott was not averse to entertaining such an idea, for in describing Reuben Turner and apologizing for all his vagaries he said: "Let us not forget that Reuben was human and had once been a school teacher"—as if that were to explain the whole matter. Then historically, too, I think the teacher has not always had just the right setting in civilization. In 1869 (not long ago as some of us live) when Sarmiento became the President of the Republic of Argentina he found among other things an exceedingly low appreciation of the teacher in that mighty Republic of the South. He found, for illustration, that when a man killed his fellowman it was regarded as a misfortune, but when a man stole a horse it was a crime; and in a court of the Argentine a man was tried and convicted of the crime of stealing a horse, and the judge on the bench, to express his absolute contempt for a thief, sentenced the culprit to teach school for the remainder of his life. You see we have come a long way in leading our profession to the

dignity and the respect and the leadership which it rightly should enjoy in the minds of the public.

Perhaps no one in this room this morning has a higher appreciation of the medical profession, one of the five which I instanced a moment ago, than have I. I like the doctors, both socially and professionally. They are delightful people. Professionally, they are the one group that I am always glad to have and always sorry that I must have. I find that this splendid group of finely-trained professional men allow one hundred and sixteen of every thousand people that die in this Republic to die of nervous disorder; they allow one hundred and two of every thousand that die to die of pneumonia; they allow ninety-six of every thousand that die to die of consumption; they allow seventy-two of every thousand that die to die of some form of a disease of the circulatory system, and so on through a decreasingly large series too lengthy for me to enumerate, and all of these that I have instanced may with propriety and with justice to the learned profession be called preventable diseases; in other words, in spite of the skill and science of the physician, about the half of us die of preventable disease. Now my contention is that, measured in terms of results, the school teacher more adequately fills the measure of expectation in the Republic than the doctor does. More than 50 per cent. of the boys and girls that we teach spell their words correctly, write their sentences correctly, parse their sentences correctly, locate their geographical terms correctly.

And so through the series of things, if they are measured in terms of service to the Republic, there is today under the flag no group of people serving more nearly a perfect Republic with a perfect measure of service than the teachers in our American schools. And the cause for this is not far to seek. It is to be found in such an institution as this, under whose auspices we assemble today. It is to be found in the splendid service that this mighty army of womanhood and of manhood is rendering to the Republic in the little school houses everywhere throughout this great country of ours. We natur-

ally feel rejoiced on a day like this, when the sun shines and the music sounds and the procession moves and all the friends gather for felicitations. This is Commencement Day, this is the "show day" of the school year, when we bring our brightest and our sweetest and our choicest products to fruition and display them admiringly before you. But, my friends, on these commencement days of joy let us not forget that we come to this through the long hours of study and of sacrifice, that the procession that moves proudly here today as the anniversary class of the fifteenth year of the founding of this school indicates only the end of a long, long series of disciplines that have trained and informed the mind and fibred the spirit of these young women to go out and do valiant service for their native state and for their civilization, and I think I would be recreant to my own thought if I did not point out at this moment the fact that all this splendid culmination represents also the sacrifice, the devotion, the patience, the skill, of the teachers of these young women, the faculty of your College, who during the long, long days of the year have had to train and endure until they have brought forth this splendid product.

In a country such as ours the school teacher has an unusual opportunity. If you had been born in Germany, or Spain, or France, or any country of Europe with one exception, you would have been forced by the spirit of your institutions to frame your mind to submit to the genius of your government, but the beauty and the glory of teaching in the Republic is that the teacher actually does frame and actually does set the genius of the government and that no tradition can stand in the way of the clear vision of an honest teaching stirring the soul of a child to high endeavor. Those of you who are not teachers can scarcely realize, I take it, what the life of a teacher is. A young woman, a graduate of a College, not long since in an examination in our city, was asked this question—I said: "Now why do you want to teach school, my lady?" And she said: "Short hours and Saturday holidays," displaying what I think is in a large measure the view of

people that a school teacher's life is a relatively easy work because of the short hours and the long holidays. Only two weeks after that when the twilight was settling over our city I was still visiting school houses, and going into one where the gas was lighted I saw sitting at a desk, after the children had gone, a teacher, a young girl just out of the State Normal School last June, teaching her first class, and when I came in—she had laid her glasses by the side of her books and she wiped her eyes and raised them. I said to her, "Hello. Glasses?" "Yes." "When did you hang those before your eyes?" "A month ago." "Why?" "Bad light in this room. My eyes have given out." "Why don't you go home now instead of working here in the twilight and the gas light?" And she said: "I must have these papers tomorrow. I must be ready to meet my children in the morning." Do you know I cannot get it out of my mind as I think of that young woman training the childhood of the Republic and paying for the opportunity at the price of her impaired health and her broken vision in a year. Set once and for all time in your heart this solemn fact that the woman or the man who teaches earnestly and well does as large a duty to the Republic as any other man or woman that works in the name of the Republic, and if I were to choose my heroes I should choose them from among the teachers who here and there, in solemn, silent ways are building their own lives out that they may build young lives up into service and power in the Republic.

May I impress also upon your minds this morning the difference between the scholar and the teacher? I can well remember when as a young man I went to my first examination to try to win from the County Superintendent a license to teach in a public school. It was an auspicious day in the family. My mother called me gently in the morning and my father spoke in a subdued voice lest they disturb the well-ordered knowledge that was that day to be unfolded. And I remember how I sat through the day answering the questions of the Superintendent, and when, late in the evening, the little certificate was handed to me, which said that I was entitled for

one year to teach in a public school, why don't you see I was about the proudest boy in all the valley and when I went home that evening my mother said to me, "Did you get your paper?" And I said, "Yes, Ma'm," and we had chicken that night for dinner, celebrating as we thought the birth of a new teacher in the Republic. But, my friends, we were wrong. The little certificate that I carried was only evidence of scholarship and not at all evidence of teachership, for there is a world-wide difference between the man that knows a thing and the man that has the power to make another soul know that thing, and that difference is the difference between the scholar in the Republic and the teacher in the Republic, and your Normal College in North Carolina is different from other great institutions of learning because it aims to train teachers, and not merely scholars, for the Republic. We have around us everywhere abundant evidences of wide and varied scholarship in all the professions of life. There are the ministers in our midst, there are the doctors and lawyers and judges and business men in our midst, whose mere technical acquaintance with knowledge far exceeds that of the teacher. We do not aim fundamentally at the scholarship but at the teaching power of these young women. Their success shall be measured not in what they know but in what they can cause another soul to know, and it is the fine art of stimulating the growing spirit and guiding it and informing it that makes the teacher supreme above the scholar in the Republic.

So I want to say to these young women the fundamental thing is not so much that you should know all the books that you have learned in your school career but that you should know the child and how it grows and how it comes to know and how to guide it in its knowing and in its growing, and when you have done that you have differentiated yourselves from mere scholarship, you have acquired a professional skill that you need and that places you in a specific and a responsible relation to the Republic. In the olden days (I say that for the sake of these men who sit on the platform here—in their days—before we youngsters came upon the stage of

action) it was assumed by a great many people that any one who knew a thing could teach it and so if we had ciphered through the arithmetic and parsed through the grammar and thumbed through the history and the geography it was assumed that therefore we could teach, and we have in all our States and cities great armies of people calling themselves teachers who are merely scholars, and not teachers, because in this modern day we are beginning to understand that the emphasis that is to be laid upon the spirit that is to teach must be the emphasis to the subjective and not to the objective side of training.

The principal business of the teacher is not to know the subject matter of the curriculum but to know the method of growth in the soul of a child and to lay the stress of her concern upon the needs of the child. We used to fit the child to the course of study. Heaven help us for that, and I trust we are coming to the day when we shall cast our books and our curricula and all the things that we formerly prized to the winds if thereby we can come face to face with the growing spirit of the child and teach it in the way that it needs most to be taught. We used to stand with the book and ask the questions and the child answered them back to the book. Here was the teacher, here was the book, here was the child. Now, young lady teachers, if you are ever tempted to hold a book between yourselves and the child say to that book: "Get thee behind me, book." You cannot teach unless you can look into the eye of the learner and read the movements of the soul back of its portals. A preacher (I like the preachers. This is nothing against the preachers. This is really in their favor) on a certain occasion had a donation party. I always pity the preacher when that happens to him. He manages to survive it in a way but it is really a calamity, a well-meant one, and on this occasion, in the donation among other things that came to this preacher was a live calf. He did not know what to do with it. He drove it upon the streets of the village to the butcher and said: "Can you kill this and dress it for me?" He said: "Certainly," and did so, sent up the flesh

to his house and the minister and his friends ate it. In a little while (because he was a minister) he called on that butcher and said: "How much do I owe you, sir, for killing that calf for me?" and the butcher said: "That is five dollars." "What!" said the man of two donations a year, "five dollars for killing a cow! Don't you think that is a good deal?" "Oh," said the butcher, "I don't charge you five dollars for killing it. That was one dollar and four for knowing how." And that is precisely the point of view that society must take of the school teacher. Her compensation is not for the work that she does. Her compensation is for knowing how to do that work. It is the compensation in money, in appreciation, in sympathy, in co-operation, in respect, which comes to her, because of the long years of training with which she bought the power to teach.

Then I like to think of a teacher as a teacher of power. It seems to me that if I would ever spank a boy I would want him to feel it and if I would ever teach a boy I would want him to know that he had been taught. These innocuous doses of sentimental treatment do not appeal to me. I think the treatment of a child needs to be vigorous but, of course, kind; thorough and substantial, but of course discreet. In other words every teacher's prayer should be: "Dear Lord, give me power to teach." And if you want that power it will come to you by keeping in mind a few simple suggestions that I have found of use to me. First of all there is power in the purpose that you set before your life. I was amazed and delighted when your President read that of all the graduates of this institution in the years that are gone all but fourteen have taught school. That speaks well for the purpose of the graduates of this institution, yet it may not speak so well for the young men of the State of North Carolina or they probably would have captured more of them. Oh, they are not all teaching now—found other places to exercise their pedagogical skill, and sometimes it takes more skill to handle one man than forty children. But be that as it may, ladies, this is a fact—if you want to be great teachers, teachers of power, you

must set yourselves resolutely to be that kind of a teacher. We never become the thing that we do not resolve to be, and teaching should be a life-dedication which should be summed up in the language of the great apostle: "This one thing I do." A man said to me one time, when I was enjoying the munificent salary of twelve hundred dollars a year as a County Superintendent of Schools, maintaining a wife and a horse and carriage on it—he said: "If you will resign that position and go on the road and sell snuff for me I will give you ten thousand dollars a year," and I said: "No snuff for me, I am a school teacher." You must set your minds steadily, resolutely, upon the thing that you want to be and the power that comes into your life when your energies are focused upon a great thing, and not dissipated in the discussion with your own spirit over other interests that have come in their vital relation to the dominant interest of your life.

Then there will come to you power, in the second place, through the preparation that you give to yourselves for teaching through these years of discipline and study which I trust you will not drop when you receive your diplomas today. Here is a matter that I have been playing with for a month. I am going to let you play with it for awhile. The measure of the civilization of a people is to be found in the activities of their adult life. All people teach their children. The savage does that, the barbarian does, and as far back as the recorded story of man is to be found today, some system of training has prevailed for the children of every people; but the difference between one and another is found in the serious concern of its adult life. The Jew because by reason of his law, obliged to teach his own child that law, maintained a high civilization and wrote his name far up among the ancient glories of the race, and the Greek—who knows anything about its elementary schools? After twenty years of study I do not know whether a Greek boy went to two schools a day or one, whether he had the same teachers in the afternoon as in the morning, whether he went first to the gymnasium and afterwards to the choir master, or conversely. I do not know, nobody knows

apparently—but the thing that made Athens glorious in her sublime possession of power was the intellect of her men, not of her children, and if you want power in your life as a teacher you must carry the spirit of the student into all of your teaching today. Dr. Arnold was profoundly right when he declared that he wanted his children to drink from a running fountain, not from a stagnant pool, and the teacher that ceases to study ceases to give the fresh, flowing water of life.

Then there comes into your life power, not only from the purpose that you set before you, and from the preparation that you give to yourselves to achieve that purpose, but, in the third place, from your method of work, from the presentation of your thought. What a difference there is! In going into a school one day where a teacher of the primary grade was drilling on pennies, trying to teach the second and third multiplication tables, and confusing the children with the multiplicity of things that she threw before them at one time, I went to the blackboard and drew a pear, a beautiful pear, and hung from it two pennies, beautiful pennies, and then I repeated that picture three times over and I said to the children: "If one pear costs two pennies what will three pears cost?" and they counted the pennies and said: "Six.". And I said to the teacher: "Can't you concrete your lessons and work them out along that plan and she said: "Oh, yes, I can do that now." And in a month I went back to that school. The teacher was still drawing pears and pennies and I said to her: "Didn't you think of peaches, or apples or something else, and she said: "I never thought of that." Oh, the dreary monotony of a teacher who has no skill in the presentation of thought, and the power in the teacher that knows how to present a thing! A teacher once said to me: "How often should I explain a thing to the class?" Why nobody could answer that. The class doesn't need any explanations, it is an abstract nothing. But you explain a thing to the children in that grade until the last boy sees it. Oh, happy the teacher who knows how to say the same thing in a dozen ways until some facet of truth shall flash itself full into the soul of each child in the

grade. The monotony and the deadening thing in teaching is the repetition of the same thing in the same way. The glory of teaching is saying the same thing in a new way, making the child feel all the novelty of a new journey when he is steadily walking in the old path through the days of the school year.

And the fourth of these things that will give you power—the first being the purpose that you set in the soul, the second your preparation to achieve that purpose, the third, your presentation of your knowledge—the fourth is your personality, and I suppose you are thinking what so many do when I say personality. “Why, I cannot change that. That is the way I was born. If you want that modified you ought to speak to my parents.” Not at all. I have no patience or faith in the doctrine that teachers are born, not made. I have profound belief in the fact that many are born teachers, but I have equal confidence in the fact that we can make teachers out of the raw stuff of our American civilization and make them supremely good teachers, and that is the significance of your Training School and the philosophy underlying all your professional hope and expectation in the Republic. Look at it, teachers, for a minute with me. Of every one hundred people in America that reach the age of twenty-one and are born here two and one-half become school teachers. Go out anywhere and tag one hundred of us, two and one-half of us are teachers. That is the quota of teaching life in the Republic. It would look as if Almighty God himself intended that forty children should be the maximum number given to one teacher to instruct. Now let us look how the score runs when the problem becomes a mite complex. If one hundred people come from Germany as immigrants to our American shores and grow up to twenty-one years here only two per cent. of those German people become teachers, and we lose one-half of a teacher from the German immigration. If they come from France, we get three-fourths teachers for the Republic. We lose three-fourths of a teacher out of a hundred. If they come from England we get two, if they come from Norway or Sweden we

get almost two, if they come from Ireland we get two and three-fourths. Whatever you may say about the Irish immigrant into the Republic he has given the largest percentage of teacher life to us of any immigrant that has crossed the sea to our home. I say that all the more gladly for my Irish neighboring friend because I myself am not Irish. I am Dutch all the way back. But here is the matter, note it well, when your one hundred immigrants come from Portugal or from Spain or from Italy or from Hungary or from Australia or from Russia, we do not get one single teacher out of that mass of immigrants into the Republic. And now put with that this additional fact that in the past twenty years immigration to America has changed from North Europe to South Europe and you can begin to understand how we are receiving hundreds and thousands of children into the Republic—the children of the immigrants of Southern Europe and no teacher for them. What happens? We send our bright, cultivated, trained, American womanhood into these congested centres of foreign population and they are the real missionaries of mercy and of hope to those people; but in doing so we are robbing the American child of his normal quota of teaching life in the Republic and we are face to face today with a great dearth of teachers everywhere in America and the cry is for volunteers to take up this mighty army of children, foreign and native born, and mould them speedily and permanently into American citizenship. Did you say you could not change your personality? You go to your homes again and take the little story Hawthorne wrote, *The Story of the Great Stone Face*, in the Franconia mountains of New Hampshire, and read how earnest the boy of the valley dreamed of the man, who, coming that way, should bear in his own face the lineaments of the mighty stone face of the mountain and how earnestly through the years he watched the flux and flow of life and measured each face with the face in the rock to find no man equal to the splendid visage that mirrored itself beneath his father's sky. But behold the miracle! No man came with a face like unto the stone, but the face of the boy

who had gazed steadily upon the face of the rock at last grew itself into the very image of the mighty face against the sky; and when your spirit gazes steadfastly upon the high ideals of the Republic and ponders continuously upon the noble ends of the teacher's profession you change your personality and you become, in spite of yourself, a teacher in the Republic.

Then we want all through our country today the teacher of power, who possesses these four things, for I must not weary you today with a long speech. The first of these the teacher must be a good sleeper. That is, fundamentally, if you cannot sleep you cannot teach. How long should a school teacher sleep? Just as long as it tastes good. Don't you know you will win the victories of the school room by the rest that you give your nerves? You cannot rest yourselves with social dissipation, and you cannot lose sleep at night and hope to win it back the next day. Many a child is punished and many a school disturbed because the teacher didn't go to bed in time the night before. The second of these things is you must be a good eater. You must know how to eat wholesome things three times a day and enough every time to give you plenty of red corpuscles in your blood. Dr. Holland is right when he says: "The dispensation of sawdust is over. If you want a horse to win in the race, feed him oats," and if the teacher is to win the large victories for the right she must carry strength of body with her strength of mind, she must sleep well and eat well. And the third test of her power and skill is, Can she laugh well? I pity the child who has to look into the face of a teacher that is so set that if it should grin once it would break. The child has a right to a happy-faced teacher and you cannot teach if you cannot laugh, for laughing is teaching many a time when no other skill or power teaches. Then it says also that you have a good digestion and that you are normally functioned in a right way and that means much for you. And, oh my teacher friends, don't buy your success as a teacher at the price of your health. Remember this law: "He that buys knowledge or gives knowledge at the price of his health pays more for it than it is worth any-

where in the Republic, that above the skill that makes us strong is the health that makes us last." And, finally, are you a good story teller? You cannot teach school if you are not. I knew a woman (I apologize to her kind) who stood before her class so rigid she never smiled, she never told a story, she drilled. Attention! And when the end of the year came and the oppression of her unrelenting presence weighed upon the children, they would sit and think: "How long, O Lord, how long, till promotion comes!" Put the joy of your life into your teaching. Childhood needs it, you need it.

And then I want to wish for you in your teaching that large joy that comes to us, ladies, only when we know we have done well. Put into your soul this fact that the joy of life lies in the places where we do well. There are the huzzas and applause for the winner in the contest. Even the marble with which the boy hits another is a good marble and he kisses it with affection because it did its work. It is when we fail that we are sad, it is when we win that we are glad, and I want you to go into the class room with the power to win, that the days of your teaching may be days of gladness in your spirit, that you may feel all through the years of your service that the sweetest music that rings on God's green earth is the music of a happy child's heart under a happy teacher in an American school.

Following Dr. Brumbaugh, Justice Henry Groves Connor, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, in presenting to the graduates the Constitutions of the Nation and of the State, said:

It was a happy thought and wise conception on the part of the founder of this institution to place in the hands of each graduate as she went out to her appointed work, the Constitution of the State, and of the Republic. Until, within recent years, it was supposed that a knowledge of the constitution was the peculiar privilege and duty of men. Those who saw a larger vision for usefulness, service and opportunity for women in creating this institution for their education came to see the wisdom of teaching them, many of whom were to

teach the children, the basic principles upon which their government was founded. It has been the custom to teach our people that, only between Bunker Hill and Yorktown, events occurred worthy to be kept in remembrance. That, when independence was declared at Philadelphia, and made good at Yorktown, the objects for which the war was fought were secured and liberty and order preserved. That when Washington returned his sword to the Continental Congress his service to his country came to an end. That law and order, the security to life, liberty and property peace and prosperity came to the people, without further effort. Such was my idea in my young manhood. I then had, or supposed that I had, some conception of the greatness of Washington and of those who, with him, wrought great deeds and, in the war of the revolution, rescued their country from British rule. I came to understand something of the critical period of American history and I then knew why in all patriotic hearts Washington, with one accord, was in peace, no less than in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen. It is difficult, if not impossible, to properly estimate the danger by which the thirteen infant States, at the end of the war, scarcely out of their colonial swaddling clothes, were surrounded. During the period from 1781 to 1789 they were in constant danger of losing all of the fruits of their seven years' struggle and falling into an estate worse than that from which they had been rescued. I have not the time, nor is this the occasion, to dwell upon the events and conditions immediately preceding the Convention of 1787. They should be carefully studied, to have a correct knowledge of our history and an adequate understanding of what the constitution stands for and, from what its making and adoption, saved the people. So only can we appreciate the debt of gratitude which we owe to the patience, wisdom and patriotism of the men who framed and procured its adoption. We may not understand fully its checks and balances, its grants and limitations of power, its delicate adjustments of State and national activities. Its fundamental principles, broad outlines, declarations of truths, as well as its constructive clauses

may, with reasonable effort, stimulated by patriotic interest, be known to every intelligent American citizen. In it is crystallized the basic truths which had been struggling during the ages to find expression. We find in it no glittering generalities and empty forms of speech—no dreams of theorists and closeted philosophers, impracticable and unworkable declaration of the abstract rights of man—but rather the practical, enforceable principles of the English barons at Runnymede—the guarantees of liberty and law of the men of 1688. It was the work of men who knew what was wanted and why it was wanted, of definite aims and saving common sense. Men who had studied and understood ancient and modern political institutions and wherein lay the strength and the weakness of former efforts to establish permanent government; of the causes whereby others had failed to secure liberty regulated by law. The Constitution is not only declaratory but constructive, made not only to meet existing conditions but to provide for future growth. As said of Magna Charta, "Its aims are practical as well as moderate; the language in which it is framed clear and straightforward." It is an intensely practical document and this practicality is an essentially English characteristic and strikes the keynote of every great movement of reform which has held paramount place in English history. In a large sense it may be said while it changed the base of government from that of a monarchy to that of a government "of the people and by the people" practically, it projected the principles of British liberty into American political life, preserving the protective and constructive features of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. The Constitution was the result of intense, and often, fierce controversy. The story of the struggle, the high debate, the often rejected and more often amended proposals, compromises and adjustments of differing and conflicting interest, prejudices and opinions, the patience, wisdom, moderation displayed by Washington and others, to calm the storm and bring the ship safely into harbor, is an important part—a most intensely, absorbingly interesting part of our history. The struggle, at times almost

hopeless, to secure its ratification by the States, is bristling with interest. Every word and sentence was subjected to hostile and severe criticism by those who opposed any change as well as by those jealous of conferring power upon the new government. Predictions of evil and of failure on the one hand and of faith and confidence on the other, denunciation and defence of those who framed it, show, out of what tribulation the Constitution became the supreme law of the land. In no section was the opposition to it more pronounced than in our own State, resulting in its rejection, followed, later, by its adoption only after assurances of amendment. As originally adopted the Constitution is quite as remarkable for what was omitted as what was put into it. As is all human effort to secure great and lasting results, with all of its excellences, the Constitution was far from perfect. None knew better or more frankly conceded its defects than those who framed and advocated its adoption. That some of its provisions have wrought unexpected results and some of its omissions been supplied only after fierce party struggles and civil war is not, in the light of our history, strange. All written, as all unwritten Constitutions are both the result of and subject to growth and development. These are secured, not by radical, destructive processes, but by that wise, constructive conservatism which

“Lops the moulded branch away,
That freedom’s oak may live from day to day.”

At all times in our history men have had different views of what was best for our country and different visions for its future. Some have stood for restriction in the sphere of our political life, others for growth, absorption and expansion. Factional and party strife has been, and will continue to be waged, around the Constitution. To some it is so rigid in its limitations, so fixed in its bonds upon governmental activity that moral, social and political evils are protected and preserved and reforms prevented. The social, moral and political enthusiast, seeking eutopian perfection and a platoníc

republic has denounced its conservatism and fretted against its barriers. To others its elasticity causes alarm for State autonomy. They see in its adjustment new conditions and its capacity, by construction, to provide for national growth, a constant menace to personal liberty and safety of the States. At one period of our history alarm is sounded that all of the powers of the government are being absorbed by the executive, that the people are being enslaved and the laws subverted by a presidential tyrant seeking to make himself a military dictator. Again, large legislative majorities appear to forget that the government is one of limited powers and that these limitations are as binding upon the legislative as other departments. When either, in response to popular demands or supposed political necessity forget their limitations and the judiciary applies the standard by which the action of all departments are to be measured, if perchance popular or party sentiment be encountered, the cry goes out that the laws, made by the representatives of the people, are being set aside and that the judges are absorbing into their jurisdiction all governmental power. It is sometimes forgotten or overlooked that the purpose of the founders of the republic was that there should be a government of laws and not of men. It should always be kept in mind that experience has taught that a written constitution is made for the purpose of fixing limits upon and prescribing modes of action by the people themselves as well as those whom they appoint to make and administer the laws. Its restrictions may, at times, appear to be an evil—to prevent the doing of what—at the moment, it appears should be done. But it should always be remembered that while the danger of monarchies lies in the unrestrained will of the monarch, the danger to democracies lies in the restrained passions of the people. Safety and permanence are to be found in a government of restraints upon both. As the order of the universe, the movement of the planets is secured by God's law of harmony, making all things move in their appointed orbit, and at their appointed seasons, so, in the affairs of men their happiness and welfare is secured by each doing that to which

he is appointed. The Constitution, both State and Federal, is the voice of the people. Its limitations express their ideas of what is safe and just, not for yesterday or today, but for the ages. It is the charter of their liberties, the expression of the purpose of government—the provision for its orderly administration—the recognition of the Sovereign Ruler of nations—the establishment of the essential principles of liberty and free government. It is ordained to establish justice and ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty. These things appertain to and affect every human being born, or coming into, the State—none are so strong as not to feel its restraint, none so feeble as not to feel its protection. The individual, as well as the family, in their varied relations come within its protection and under its shield. The rich and the poor, the high and the lowly, all must obey its mandates, that they may share its benefits. Because it declares that no person ought to be taken or imprisoned, or disseized of his freehold, liberties or privileges, or out-lawed or exiled or, in any manner, deprived of his life, liberty or property, but by the law of the land, no man, or set of men, shall molest or make us afraid. Our homes are our castles and our freedom our birthright. Because it declares that all men have a natural and inalienable right to religious freedom—we worship God according to the dictates of our conscience. Because it declares that the people have the right to the privileges of education and it is the duty of the State to guard and maintain that right—every child in the land is given an opportunity to acquire knowledge and fit itself for the duties of life, and because these declarations express the settled, fixed and unchangeable convictions of millions of free men, these and other blessings are ours in a practicable, substantial way. They are not the effervescent, evanescent declarations of a day, or an hour, nor are they dependent upon the changes and chances of party politics, to be swept away by the cry of the demagogue, or destroyed, at the dictation of privileged classes, but the carefully thought out work of men who died a century

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ago and understood what they did and why they did it. It has for its guarantee the patriotic liberty loving, God fearing, loyalty of millions of American men and women. Every happy home, every church, every school house, every college, every honest calling, in this land is a guarantee that this Constitution shall be the standard by which to measure American freedom and governmental power. Congressional and legislative acts, within its limitations, are the "State's collected will" and binding upon all citizens, corporate as well as natural. The acts of every executive and judicial officer within the same limitations must be obeyed. These limitations are to be ascertained and declared by the duly constituted officers and by due process of law, otherwise we have anarchy resulting always in despotism. The ultimate remedy for the errors or wrongs of those appointed to make, expound and administer the law is found in the provision for frequent elections which ought to be free. These thoughts are not offered as new or original—they are but as line upon line. These are old truths, fundamental principles, a frequent recurrence to which are declared to be necessary to preserve the blessings of liberty, they are as things fixed and as eternal as the moral law. Set them firmly in your memories, seek to understand their meaning and value—study them in the light of history—think upon them as you go in and out in your daily lives—regard them as the cause of and essential to the blessings of liberty, law, order and prosperity in this happy State and country of ours. One thought more, listen not, nor teach others to listen to forebodings of evil for our country and its institutions. Permit not yourselves to be unduly disturbed by prophecies of disaster because of events and conditions which are but for a season. This great American republic, with its eighty million of human souls, constantly and rapidly increasing in numbers, in strength, in prosperity, will go on its career of God's appointed way solving the problems as they arise, touching and influencing for good the nations of the world, just so long as in the home, in the school, in the shop, in the market place, in all places, and under all circumstances, we and those who

shall follow us are loyal to our Constitution and our common country. To those of you who shall enter upon the great work of teaching children, let me urge you to make the basis of your precept and example by books and conversation, instilling into the minds of the children, loyalty and patriotism—not that dull, sluggish thing which renders grudging homage to authority and enforced obedience to law, from fear of punishment, but that lively and steadfast faith, burning and absorbing sentiment, love of country, which sees in the past heroes, sages, patriots and martyrs and makes their lives an example, the guiding star in their service to their country and its institutions. In the words of another, teach them Americanism—that broad, catholic, all embracing patriotism which holds it true “that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are given by God. That any form of power that tramples on these rights is unjust. That government must rest upon the consent of the governed and that the people should choose their own rulers. That freedom must be safeguarded by law and order, and that the end of freedom is fair play to all. To believe not in enforced equality of conditions and estates, but in a true equalization of burdens, privileges and opportunities. That the selfish interest of persons, classes and sections must be subordinated to the welfare of the commonwealth—not that all men are good, but that the way to make them better is to trust the whole people, that a free State should offer an asylum to the oppressed and an example of virtue, sobriety and fairdealing to all nations. That for the existence and perpetuity of such a state a man should be willing to give his whole service, in property, in labor and in life. That is, Americanism; an ideal embodying itself in a people; a creed heated white hot in the furnace of conviction and hammered into shape on the anvil of life; a vision commanding men to follow it withersoever it may lead them. To those who, magnifying real and imaginary evils, understanding not either the history of human suffering and human achievements, or the lessons which it teaches, who forget that Valley Forge was followed by Trenton and that Guil-

ford Court House opened the way to Yorktown, who forget that when despair had settled upon the hearts of men of 1787, they sought light and strength in prayer, and that Washington, closing an outburst of noble eloquence said: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair, the event is in the hand of God," teach that the Constitution, which elicited the highest praise of Gladstone, and has become the pattern of every Constitutional government is but a work of shreds and patches. Let us rather take courage from the past and determine in the future to "make our city and our State free in fact as well as in name, to cleanse the fountain of our national life from political, commercial and social corruption. Teach all others by precept and example, that the honor of serving such a country as America is a work worthy of the finest manhood and womanhood. The well born are those who are born to do that work. The well bred are those who are bred to be proud of that work. The well educated are those who see deepest into the meaning and necessity of that work. It is to this service that we are all bound. It is the better to enable you, as you go forth, from this noble institution, conceived, founded, served and sustained by that statesman, teacher and patriot whose loss the State deploras, to take your part in the world's work, that in obedience to his command, and following his example we present to you the constitution of your State and country. Make their truths your own, their language a part of your speech. Teach those committed to your care that in them are to be found the guide to their political faith, the shield of their political rights, the inspiration to make them good men and good women, who alone make good citizens.

The Bibles were presented by the Rev. Dr. H. W. Battle, of Greensboro, in a short address.

State Superintendent James Y. Joyner presented on behalf of the State and the Board of Directors the diplomas to the class which numbers forty-six. This is the largest class that has gone out from the College. It is larger by seven members than those of 1899 and of 1906, each of which numbered thirty-

nine. In reading the names of the class, President Foust, when the name of Miss Lucy Hawkins, of Louisburg, was reached, said that he felt it was due to Miss Hawkins to state that she had not only completed the regular work required before being entitled to a diploma but that she had done sufficient work to give her the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy. Miss Hawkins is the first woman to receive this degree in North Carolina.

When the audience sang the Old North State, Mr. Joyner announced that he had \$4,000 in cash on hand and \$2,000 in gilt edge pledges for the erection of the monument to Dr. McIver.

The exercises closed at 1 o'clock with "America" sung by the audience.

At 7 o'clock the Alumnae, former students and the present students met to formulate plans for raising the McIver memorial fund. Much work was planned and a campaign for summer work was mapped out.

The last event of the fifteenth commencement was the annual banquet given in the Society halls to the Alumnae, former students and visiting friends and relatives.

CLASS OF 1907.

| TITLE OF GRADUATING ESSAY. | NAME AND COUNTY. |
|---|-------------------------------|
| The World's Progress Towards Peace..... | Nell Armfield, Iredell |
| The Evolution of the Sunday School, | |
| | Blanche Leone Austin, Iredell |
| Gardening—An Occupation for Women, | |
| | Agnes Lee Blake, Guilford |
| Sabbath Observance..... | Eula May Blue, Moore |
| Social Life in the Old South..... | Mariam Boyd, Warren |
| Industrial Education..... | Margaret Call, Davie |
| Letters, Old and New..... | Mary Galloway Carter, Forsyth |
| The Woman Philanthropist..... | Lina Clare Case, Guilford |
| Russia's Music..... | Janet Blount Crump, Rowan |
| Public Needs of North Carolina..... | Ethel Dalton, Forsyth |

- Resources for the Novelist in North Carolina,
Mena Foust Davis, Rowan
- Significance of the Jamestown Settlement,
Rosa Lee Dixon, Catawba
- The Value of Modern Hymns, Elanore Dixon Elliott, Guilford
- Education of the Southern Negro,
Mary Elizabeth Exum, Greene
- The Relation of Recreation to Work,
Grace Everett Gill, Scotland
- Our Illustrated Press.....Florence Gray, Guilford
- The American Home.....Lillian Pugh Gray, Lenoir
- The American Woman.....Belle Hampton, Guilford
- Self-Support for College Girls.....Winifred Harper, Greene
- Southern Spinsters.....Lucy Hawkins, Franklin
- The Mountaineer of the Forties..Elizabeth Howell, Buncombe
- The Educational Value of Music.....Mabel Howell, Wayne
- The Science of Advertising.....Kate M. Huske, Forsyth
- The Southern Gentlewoman.....Mary Hyman, Martin
- Our National Holidays.....Marjorie L. Kennedy, Lenoir
- The World's Debt to the Hebrew Race...Inez Koonce, Jones
- Development of American Text-Books..Lema Leggett, Halifax
- The Enterprising Woman at Work,
Mary Elizabeth LeGwin, New Hanover
- The Highland Scotch in North Carolina.Mary Lovelace, Wilson
- The Village Merchant.....Mary Ethel Lyon, Wake
- The Social Side of College Life.....Elinor S. Murr, Anson
- The Rebuilding of the South,
Mary Elizabeth Reid, Mecklenburg
- Rural School Progress.....Janie Belle Robinson, Sampson
- Microscopic Friends and Enemies....Mary Robinson, Anson
- The Development of American Architecture,
Mattie Kate Shaw, Moore
- Our Industrial Growth.....Willie Celia Spainhour., Burke
- Navigation of the Air.....Mary Burwell Strudwick, Guilford
- Childhood in Poetry.....Flora Thornton, Rowan
- From Ox-Cart to Automobile...Mary Arrington Thorp, Nash

The Citizenship of Tomorrow.....Mamie A. Toler, Wayne
The Growth of Our Postal System,

 Lulie Wills Whitaker, Halifax
Public Libraries in America.....Iola White, Alamance
Art in the Home.....Pattie Vaughn White, Alamance
The Park—Its Relation to Good Citizenship,

 Sue Pretlow Williams, Warren
Our Most Important Civic Problem...Daisy Wilson, Caswell
The Cabin Home.....Anna May Withers, Harnett

The following young ladies have been granted certificates from the commercial department for proficiency in Shorthand. For 120 words a minute: Misses Florence B. Campen, Mellie M. Cotchett, and Carrie V. Simmons. For 100 words a minute, Misses Glenn Mewbourne, Amelia McFayden, Nannie H. McArn, Bessie C. Townsend, Lettie M. Vernon, Myrtle Griffin, Rachael Mauney, Laura E. Erwin, Mamie Powers, and Fannie Wilson.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO THE HEBREW RACE.

INEZ KOONCE, '07.

Fortunately for some nations it is not the population nor yet the extent of territory that makes it great. Had these been the standards of greatness the nation whose home was in the beautiful country of Palestine would have little of which to be proud. Since, however, the world judges a race by its contribution to humanity, the Hebrews should be placed first among the nations of the world. For it is to these people that the world owes its noblest religion, laws, and literature. But has this debt been recognized? When we think of the persecution which the representatives of that race have met at the hands of religious bigots, our answer will be "No." Yet can we think of their sufferings without thinking of their courage and abiding faith in their creed? These are the elements which are now causing Christendom to reflect on its great debt to Israel.

In the library at Washington, America, in acknowledgment of the mission of the great nations, has represented each by an allegorical picture with a name suggestive of the nation's contribution to the world. In no one word could she have better stated the message of Israel than in that selected—"Religion." Indeed the world owes to the Hebrew race the clearest and best expression of religion—if not the conception, at least the preservation of pure monotheism. Monotheism began with Abraham, whose faith in God as a Supreme Being caused him to turn his back on the idolatries of the surrounding nations then worshipping the exaggerated types of men and the "majestic emblems of the Creator" rather than the Creator himself. In the Old Testament, after the time of Abraham, the representatives of the race clearly answered the four great questions on which monotheism is based: Who is God? Who is Man? What is the relationship between God and Man? How can the right relationship be brought about? This is the answer which has become the creed and inspiration

of all Christian denominations; that God is a righteous Being who demands only righteousness of his people; that man is made in the image of God; that God and Man are companions; that when Man desires God's companionship and endeavors to conform his life to it, God is ready to receive and to help him.

During the period that Israel worked out these truths, her people did not understand them. They thought of Jehovah as a God superior to the *many* Gods and as a God of the *Israelites only*. Yet with their fidelity taught by their founder and with their belief in the holiness of God taught by Moses, they looked toward the future of which the prophets had told them for a "disclosure of light." Finally this light came in the person of Jesus Christ, who, himself a Jew, added such breadth and life to the Jewish faith as to include all humanity as children of the *one* God. He did this not so much by his teaching, his life of faith, his death and his resurrection, as by his own personality. What greater culmination is possible for a religion? Surely the world must say, "All Christian churches are but offshoots from the old Jewish stock. Strike out all Judaism from the Christian church and there remains nothing but an unmeaning superstition."

What the religion of the Jews has done for the spiritual life of humanity, their law has done for the political. Their laws and political institutions formed a basis of government which has since been but little improved. Their constitution which was given to them by Moses at the foot of Mount Sinai and whose fundamental truths are incorporated in the Ten Commandments, embody, it seems, all that is noblest and best. This law-giver made as his basis of government the authority of the one and only Lawgiver. In the first four of these Commandments, he defined man's relation to God to be one of reverence, and set apart one day in the week for rest and the development of the higher life. In the others he dwelled on man's relation to man. This relation has never been worked out more fully; parents were to be respected; the fundamental rights of man—his right to life, property, reputation and family were to be regarded, and regarded willingly. In every

respect the laws of the Hebrews were free, just, and humane. The minor laws went so far as to prohibit cruelty to dumb beasts, and to protect birds' nests.

Thus with a written constitution and one that could be appealed to, Moses saved the Hebrew nation from the despotism of all the Oriental nations and gave them a system through which ran a spirit of democracy. The departments of government, executive, legislative and judicial were clearly distinguished. There were two representative assemblies, one the Jewish house of representatives, known as the Great Congregation, which reflected the popular will; the other was a smaller body which acted as advisers of the executive. It was the Great Congregation who voted, after the report of the twelve spies, not to undertake the subjugation of Canaan. The elders made treaties and enforced the execution of laws. The judiciary (who were forbidden to accept fees, or to regard social position of suitors) were elected by the people. Then, finally, when the executive authority was vested in a king, he was subject to all the laws of the realm. With these provisions for protection and with others remarkable in their spirit of justness, the Hebrews escaped despotism and gave the excellences of government from which Alfred the Great made the English Constitution and from which the Puritans drew their ideal of government.

What of the literature of the Israelites? For this look to that library of sixty-six books which have so influenced humanity as to leave their impress on almost all literature. In no one small collection can be found subjects of interest to so many people. The child rejoices as much in the story of Samson as in the story of Hercules; the youth revels in the romance of Ruth or in the drama of Esther; the lawyer delights in the political institutions of Leviticus; the moralist delights in the apothegms found in "Proverbs;" and the man of action is attracted by the history set forth in the Books of Kings.

Although these stories have in them elements of highest value, it is in the Books of Job and Psalms that the Hebrews

show their literary spirit. The unique book of Job has been difficult to classify; however, the latest scholars have placed it with the "Wisdom Literature" which was the Hebrews' nearest approach to philosophy. Its interest lies in the bearing of a popular theory upon human experience in a time of trouble. The book of Psalms is quite different from the book of Job. The Psalms contain all the extant lyric poetry of the ancient race. So pure, tender, and expressive of divine life, these lyrics have lived through the ages and are now used in Christian worship and private devotion all over the world. They do not praise nature; but in the most beautiful words they praise the God who made nature:

"The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork."

They are expressions of the best moments of Jewish life—when Christ was considered an ever-present friend and comrade. How beautifully David, the shepherd boy, expresses his appreciation of God's companionship in his song:

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

Where in any other nation can we find a literature so "pregnant with expressions of the heart's deepest emotions?"

These three—a conception of God, a political ideal and a noble literature may be called the worthiest contributions of Israel. Yet we are only to look about us in some of our Jewish communities to see that there are other examples for us to follow. Among these are patriotism and philanthropy. What more beautiful idea could a people have than that of founding a home for the aged man and wife who are not prepared to care for themselves? The Jews of today have included this among their charities. Surely other States in the Union and other nations must endorse the words of the representative of the Old North State: "There is no man who approaches the Jew in the extent and character of the influ-

ence which he has exercised over the human family. His history is the history of our civilization and progress in this world, and our faith and hope in that which is to come. From him have we derived the form and pattern of all that is excellent on earth or in Heaven."



THE VALUE OF MODERN HYMNS.

ELEANORE DIXON ELLIOTT, '07.

Instinct in every human heart is a desire to render praise to the All-Father—a service older than life itself, which found its origin when “the morning stars sang together” their hymn of creation. The forms in which this devotional spirit find expression are manifold, but most often the reverent heart turns to song, as the vehicle best fitted to bear its praise and gratitude on high. In every nation this singing of worship hymns has held an important place; into the composition of some of these has entered much of the poetic genius of each nation. But in the lapse of time, the reverence, the worship, the solemnity which formerly characterized sacred music has signally diminished, until today the standard of our church songs falls far short in many instances of that of fifty years ago.

Could a minister of the period directly preceding the War between the States, visit our churches of today, he would doubtless meet with no element so wholly transformed as are the devotional hymns and anthems. This change is apparent no less in the character of the music than in that of the words; in both, there seems to be a lamentable lack of appropriateness. The old-time minister would surely be appalled at the waltz-music and other popular and prevalent dance-music in our modern hymnals. Songs to the tune of “Juanita,” “Way Down Upon the Suwanee River,” “Maryland,” “John Brown’s Body,” and “Love’s Old Sweet Song,” abound throughout the collection of our so-called hymns. These melodies are undeniably sweet, but if their mission is to express reverence for God, they utterly fail in attaining that end. This wholesale adaptation of old secular tunes, however, is not the element most to be criticized. Far more reprehensible is the use—with sacred words—of the lowest type of music—in popular speech, “rag-time.” Within our own city during the last few months, our musical appetite for hymns has been fed with

such travesties as "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and "In the Good Old Summer Time." The Sunday schools of our large cities offer attractions in the form of songs to the tune of "Razzle Dazzle," "Keep in the Middle of the Road," and "The Bowery." It is true that religious words are adapted to them, but no amount of doctrinal thought contained therein could possibly destroy the original significance of these popular airs.

And not only are these "ready-made" specimens of "rag-time" employed, but some of the melodies composed especially for religious use might easily be used in the dance-hall and utterly escape any recognition of their original purpose. A case in point may be found in the ever-popular evangelistic songs "Standing in the Market Places," "'Tis Love," and "Sunshine and Rain"—all familiar songs in even our own staid Southern churches. True, they attract a crowd and win hearty singing, but equally true is it that the latest "coon song" will produce even greater enthusiasm.

There is another phase of our hymn-music which to the majority of church-goers is even more distasteful than the popular dance-tunes. Reference is had to the operatic material employed. This is not usually found among ordinary hymns, but as accompaniments for sacred songs which undeniably play an important part in the church service. They may be—many of them are—rare examples of a composer's genius; they are not, however, expressions of true feeling; they are not comprehensible to the mass of the congregation; and, as one of the functions of church music is to teach and inspire the people, they do not fulfill their mission. The death-wail of a dying hero and the love song of the heroine of a modern opera are exquisite in their places, but that place never was and never will be the church.

In many cases, the words of our hymns are on a par with the modern music which forms their accompaniments. It is an indisputable fact that literature has gained comparatively little from the religious songs of the last twenty years. Indeed, many of them approach doggerel in their sublime disre-

gard for the requisites of poetry. So broad a statement must necessarily meet with many exceptions and we must bear in mind that the present day compositions are not totally lacking in excellence any more than the music of the past was wholly devoid of faults. The words when sung do not attract the attention or criticism which naturally attend them when read, but the result of reading aloud the selections in a hymnal of to-day is appalling. Surely, it would be apparent to the most uncritical person that the following typical verse of a popular religious song falls far short of being a true hymn:

“Sunshine and rain, refreshing, reviving rain,
Light of faith and love, showers from above.
Sunshine and rain to nurture the growing grain,
Send us now the sunshine and the rain.”

A more aspiring type of the sacred song, one which at times verges on the ridiculous, is the well-known anthem. The modern type of this class of songs generally has its words twisted, repeated, turned inside out, upside down, and hind-part-before until about fifteen pages of music are produced, containing at a generous estimate about fifteen different words. It may be inspiring and uplifting to hear a choir sing with many vocal gymnastics “Aaron’s beard ran down to the hem of his garment,” in part or wholly some fifty times, but most of us would prefer an unfashionable hymn with words enough, in childish parlance, “to go around.”

It is true, that in the unseemly levity or pomposness of the music, and in the unpoetic or too-often-repeated words of our devotional songs there is great need for reform, but if there were not some redeeming features in both, the musical part of the church service would indeed be dreary. Fortunately these saving points are not wholly lacking. In spite of the abundance of objectionable music, modern hymnals are blessed with excellent examples of soul-moving and inspiring songs. Such, for example is “Onward, Christian Soldiers,” which has been known to lift audiences to their feet with the religious

fervor and enthusiasm expressed in both words and music. Another hymn, which has just attained its third anniversary—"The Glory Song"—is deservedly famous for its wonderful effect during the great Welsh revival. Thousands each night testified to the tremendous power of that simple song, and it will not be soon forgotten. There is all the difference between these songs and those of "rag-time" character that there is between an original and an imitation—between truth and falsity.

And even as the hymn music has its redeeming points, so the character of the hymn words is not altogether hopeless. On the contrary there are numerous examples of this class of modern poetry which are worthy to be counted in the ranks of literary masterpieces. There are few writers of any age who could produce a more exquisite lyric than Phœbe Cary's "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." Breathing forth a calm and restful faith, it has endeared itself to countless pilgrims on a journey to "that bourne whence no traveler returns." It bears the mark of genuineness which true feeling gives it—a mark that no imitation can copy perfectly.

Among a score of other hymns which are worthy of our utmost admiration, one will ever stand supreme as the most perfect of religious lyrics that the last decade of the nineteenth century gave to the world—Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." With its suggestion of gray twilight, of vesper bells, of the moaning, surging sea, it satisfies every requirement of art, but deeper still, its underlying faith and Christian resignation qualify it to be the heart-song of thousands.

Further mention may not be made of the hymns of which these last two are but types. Suffice it to say that so long as even these exist the music of our churches will not be hopeless. Yet, in addition to these, there is a vast store-house of song in the old familiar hymns which though sung occasionally now are not made use of so freely as formerly they were. So long as David's matchless psalm—"The Lord is My Shepherd" is sung for us; so long as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," is left to us; so long as "Lead, Kindly Light" is loved by us, no fear

need be felt that our churches will become destitute of real songs of worship. And these are only three of the hundreds which have stood the test of time, and still live in the affections of true lovers of music. Should "Sun of My Soul" or "Just As I Am" among others, less widely sung, be lost, the world would be inexpressibly poorer; for these are hymns in very truth, hymns to live by, hymns to die by.

They do indeed fit Martin Luther's definition of what a hymn should be: "An expression voiced in music of praise and trust and gratitude and dependence upon God." And just so far as our religious songs today fail to fit this definition, thus far do they miss being true hymns. The trouble with our devotional music now is not a lack of proper selections for use, but a lamentable indifference on the part of the people to what is proper. This apathy is beginning to be stirred even now, and in the near future it is not unreasonable to hope that our songs will combine sweet harmony and perfect prayer into accord that will prove acceptable to the people here who sing them, and the beings there who hear them.

WOMAN AT WORK.

There are five women R. F. D. mail carriers in North Carolina.

Miss Sallie Tomlinson has been elected official stenographer of Cumberland county. Mrs. Mary S. Calvert was recently chosen official stenographer of Wake court. These accomplished women will make the best sort of court officials. The openings for women increase every year. There are women doctors, nurses, stenographers, artists, teachers in plenty. But we have no women lawyers in active practice in North Carolina. Why not?—*News and Observer*.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster is a special commissioner for the Department of Justice. She has been appointed by President Roosevelt to make a report of labor conditions of women and children throughout the country and has recently visited North Carolina to study conditions in rural communities.

Mrs. Lutetia Jane McLeroy, of Newman, Georgia, has been elected sexton of the city cemetery as successor to her late husband.

And now comes along a woman jailor, Mrs. Evelyn B. Smith, of Kent county, Rhode Island.

Miss Agatha Troy, of Utica, N. Y., is assistant to her father as a granite and marble cutter. It is said that the few women who have acquired skill in this work earn \$25 a day.

Mrs. Kate Loofburrow, of New Madison, Ohio, is a widow with three small children. She does her household work; edits the *New Madison Herald*; manages a forty-acre farm; and engages in the insurance business. She is reputed to be a sunshiny woman. Certainly! She does not have time to complain.

Rev. Ada C. Bowles, who is in her fifth year of work as Southern missionary (!) has been requested by the Universalists of Durham, N. C., to take charge of the work in that city.

The women cab-drivers of Paris are growing in popularity.

Figures made public by Census Director North show that one million of women in the United States who work for wages are domestics. Five million women in this country are now wage earners. Out of 303 occupations there are only nine in which there are no women.

CONCERNING EDUCATION.

Miss Katherine L. Craig, State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Colorado, gives much attention in her schools to kitchen and flower garden work. She started this work in her State and it has spread rapidly. One county alone reports 150 gardens.

Johns Hopkins University and the University of Jena have been opened to women. Jena is the eighth German University to take this forward step. In the field of higher education, women can only secure equal advantages with their brothers by having extended to them the opportunities of instruction at the same time and place. Coeducation in our so-called "colleges" which admit immature girls and boys as students presents another problem.

AMONG OURSELVES.

LILLIAN GRAY.

The spirit of the State Normal and Industrial College has ever aimed at the broadening along every line of the students within her walls. It was instilled into the minds and hearts of students and faculty from the beginning by her great President, Charles D. McIver. He not only inspired and moved all his coworkers on the Board, in the Faculty, in the class room, while his virile personality was with them in the flesh, but he yet and will ever stimulate them to make the most of life. His spiritual influence still animates them and they feel assured of his continued approval only so long as they stand up to duty and face the bereavement of his death bravely and cheerily. Yet the hearts of old and young were too sore at first to join in the customary social customs and all entertainments were cut out till after the Christmas holidays. Only actual work engaged students and faculty during the fall and early winter. Longer than that President Foust thought that the young spirits about him should not be awed into stillness by the ever present reminder of loss. During the spring term the students here have been rich in opportunities both for culture and for enjoyment.

No entertainment has been given in Greensboro eliciting comment so favorable and giving so much genuine pleasure and educational profit as the open air plays given by the Ben Greet Company in Peabody Park, May 14th, under the auspices of the Senior class. "As You Like It" was given in the afternoon. The performance began with the second act where the woodland scenes are introduced. "Twelfth Night" was played in the evening. The lime lights showed a veritable Arcadia and accentuated the shadowy mystery of the woods about us. The forest was a perfect setting for both plays and the big audiences to a unit declared they had never seen Shakspeare

presented in so satisfying a manner. Between the plays, the players had dinner with the students in the College dining room.

Another occasion of charming opportunity was the May Music Festival given in the City Opera House. Several voices of exceptional excellence were heard, among them: Dr. Franklin Lawson, tenor; Mrs. Wade Brown, contralto, and Mme. Mary Hissem De Moss, soprano. While we gladly render to these strangers the tribute due them, none of us but felt that our sweetest pleasure came from the singing of our own Mrs. Sharpe and of our Misses Jameson and Harris. The feature of the festival around which centered most interest was the playing of the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Walter Damrosch. This great musical company of fifty playing as one man, controlled by one master interpreter of his art, will long remain with the students, a source of pleasant memories.

"The Business Men's Carnival" given by the Adelpian Literary Society was among the most enjoyable and successful entertainments ever given at the College. Each advertisement of the various business houses of Greensboro was unique and won the commendation both of the business men and of the audience. A prize of \$40.00 was given by the firm of Ellis, Stone & Co. to Miss Nettie Brogden as the best "advertisement" of the evening. She represented the printing house of J. J. Stone.

The Senior class engaged the services of the University Glee Club and Orchestra, which gave a concert in the Assembly Hall of the main building.

The "May School" began April 1st this year and was most successful. About forty "pupil teachers" were in attendance and have expressed themselves as under a lasting obligation to the College. Messrs. Foust and Merritt principally conducted their classes.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

For the first time in the history of the College the students have had the fun of striving in behalf of their Alma Mater against another institution in "the noble games" of Basket Ball and of Tennis. Fine playing was done by both teams, and the Normal girls met a worthy rival in the team from the Greensboro Female College. Both the games of Basket Ball and of Tennis resulted in a victory for our teams.

The Athletic Association has greatly prospered this year. The noticeable increase in interest was shown during "Tournament Week." Finer games have not been played and the Juniors had to work hard for the trophy cup, which they have won. Below are the scores of games played during tournament week:

BASKET BALL TOURNAMENT.

Saturday, April 13, 1907, 4:15 p. m.—Normal College, 19, vs. Greensboro Female College, 16.

Monday, April 15, 1907, 4:15 p. m.—Juniors, 19, vs. Freshman, 12.

Tuesday, April 16, 1907, 4:15 p. m.—Seniors, 21, vs. Sophomores, 8.

Wednesday, April 17, 1907, 4:15 p. m.—Seniors, 11, vs. Juniors, 35.

Thursday, April 18, 1907, 4:15 p. m.—Freshman, 12, vs. Specials, 15.

Tuesday, April 29, 1907, 4:15 p. m.—Seniors, 4, vs. Specials, 7.

Wednesday, May 1, 1907, 4:15 p. m.—Juniors, 12, vs. Specials, 6.

Friday, May 3, 1907, 4:15 p. m.—Juniors, 13, vs. Specials, 15.

Tuesday, May 7, 1907, 4:15 p. m.—Juniors, 10, vs. Specials, 9.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Saturday, May 11, 1907, 4:15 p. m.—Normal College, 2, vs. Greensboro Female College, 0.

SELMA C. WEBB, President of the Athletic Association.

Y. W. C. A.

Early in April, Miss Casler, traveling secretary of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the Carolinas, spent a week with us at the College. While here, she met with all the Association committees and assisted them in planning their work for the coming year. She also gave several helpful talks at the regular prayer-meeting services.

A reception was given to her by the social committee on Wednesday afternoon of her visit and the time passed pleasantly to those who attended.

The social committee has been busy this spring. In addition to the reception to Miss Casler, the committee during the first week in April, gave the members of the Association an enjoyable evening with students attending the special session for teachers. On the afternoon of May 8th, the Senior class was delightfully entertained by members of this committee.

The annual report of the President of the Association given Sunday evening, April 6th, showed the membership of our Association to be three hundred and seventy-seven, leaving only eight of the students in the dormitories who are not members. The average attendance at the prayer services during the past year has been one hundred and sixty-five.

The missionary committee has arranged and found very successful during the past year a series of Mission Study classes, taught by Miss Lee, Mr. Smith and Mr. Lambeth. The countries studied were China, Japan and Africa and much interest has been shown in the subjects.

The Bible Study committee, at the beginning of the year, formed twelve Bible classes with a total enrollment of two hundred and twenty-five students. Five of these classes were taught by the faculty and the remaining number by students.

Dona Angelita da Silva, who, at the invitation of the Association, has been a student at the college for the past three

years, will sail the first of June for her home in Brazil, where she expects to teach in one of the Mission Schools in that country.

ELIZABETH LE GWINN, '07.

Numerous receptions and entertainments have been tendered the Senior class and that body of forty-six goes out from the College most gratefully laden with obligations to the Faculty—not only for professional care during the years of College life, but also for social courtesies.

The College entertained a greater number of guests during commencement week than ever before. Former students in great numbers came back to their College home to show their continued love and their substantial appreciation of their debt to her, and too—perhaps most of all—to do reverence to the memory of him who was to them in days long past, but ever present, their truest and most potent of earthly friends, our first and great President, Charles Duncan McIver.

Twenty Seniors this year made their graduating gowns. Miss Nell Armfield, president of the class, made not only her own, but she made or helped to make those of several of her classmates. A president and a woman worth having!

LINES TO OUR YOUNG GRANDMOTHER.

Again comes life-renewing spring,
Migrant birds are on the wing.
(A *rara avis* in New York)
The stately form of mother stork.

To Av(i)ary not distant far,
A visit made by moon and star,
Paused to place, in onward flight,
In new-made nest, a dear wee wight.

A Sharpe lookout is kept on nest
To still each cry on Grandma's breast.
Admiring friends no less of joy can feel—
Whose heart does not this grandame steal?

So teacher, friend, and alma mater,
Co-laborer, classmate, educator—
All, with joyous heart turn in a whirl!
Our only sigh, "Tis not a girl."

That Alma Mater may instill
Her truths; and heart and brain may fill
With arts, with science, with teachers' lore,
And Carolina, lead her to adore!

But youthful Grandame's normal smile
Of all regret, our hearts beguile.
E'en fresher dimples charm in face
And add to all her former grace,

As with her wonted cheerful hope
She points to good for those who grope,
And says, "One art he knows beyond dispute
That art." What think you?—"to yell-so-cute!"

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

RENA G. LASSITER.

Our exchange table for the past year has been most interesting. We have seen the results of the earnest labor of many a board of editors. Much good work has been done, and yet there are many things about the average college journal which might be improved. Perhaps it is given to the critic editor to notice defects; at any rate, we shall use this space for mentioning a few of the most obvious faults.

The purpose of a college magazine, as we see it, is to furnish a truly representative journal; to reflect college life; to increase college spirit; to cultivate the literary taste and talent of the students by affording an outlet for their first efforts. Many college magazines are not truly representative, in that most of the work is left to a few; the student body as a whole takes little interest in it, even financial support sometimes comes from a minority of the students. We often see complaints that students do not subscribe to the magazine, and a comparison of several issues of any one periodical shows that the list of contributors is small and varies little. Why leave the whole burden to the editors? Perhaps every one cannot write. Neither can every one play ball when he begins, but if half the time and enthusiasm which is spent in pastimes were shown in magazine work, a revolution in college publications would result.

College life is generally shown rather fully and correctly. "Locals" are usually full and jokes and grinds hold an important place. We are heartily in favor of a department which will reflect the lighter side of college life, but too much importance should not be given to "fun."

If a college magazine attempts to develop the literary ability of the students it should insist upon articles of at least average worth. True it should encourage all who will to write, and write well, but it should never lower its standard by publishing empty love stories, with most improbable plots

and meaningless characters, or compilation from encyclopedias, with little or no original work. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that half our exchanges are filled with orations or themes for various college departments, not written for the magazine, stories that would never pass muster as literature, and poetry that is recognized largely by its appearance on the printed page.

Such conditions are not necessary and would not exist if each student gave his hearty support to the magazine and determined to make it worthy of his college, and if the managers recognized the truth that it is better to have nothing than to have nothing good.

The State Normal Magazine.

Published every two months, from September to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpkian and Cornelian Literary Societies, under the direction of a Managing Editor, chosen from the Faculty.

TERMS: Fifty cents a year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

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Business Manager:

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

Adelpkian Society:

MARIAM BOYD, '07, Chief.

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NETTIE BROGDEN.

NETTIE BROGDEN, Business Editor.

Cornelian Society:

VAUGHN WHITE, '07, Chief.

LILLIAN GRAY.

RENA LASSITER.

VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1907.

No. 4.

EDITORIAL.

When confronted with the necessity of choosing the second President of this College, the public supposed the question would be quickly settled, for all turned in thought to the Hon. James Yarkin Joyner as the logical successor to Dr. Charles Duncan McIver. Those two were as nearly one in love for each other and for the State as it was possible even for brothers to be. Both were giving their noble best to the State. For more than twenty years they had worked together in the cause of the women and children of our Commonwealth. Had Dr. McIver foreseen that—to us—dread September 19, 1906, it can scarcely be doubted that his hand would have rested on Mr. Joyner's shoulder if asked whom he would wish to take his chair in the President's office of this institution. Those who had worked in office and class room with these two men believed that Joyner's love for McIver and for the College

would prompt him to take his dead friend's seat. They knew that in so far as any man could, he would have exactly carried forward the work without a mistake and without a misgiving in the minds of any that it was being done as Dr. McIver would do it. They believed that this work was most congenial to him, that his scholarly nature and accomplishments would here find content and opportunity, and that here he would quickest find peace and soothing from the sorrow of his friend's long silence and absence. When the word came that he had put it from him to pursue the more harassing duties of his present work, they felt that because Mr. Joyner had so decided, it was the right thing to do. They felt that he knew where he could best serve the people and they came to feel too that could Dr. McIver have foreseen conditions that he would have said to his friend: "It is right. Go on," for neither ever placed self before duty.

While entirely loyal to President Foust, the present management of the STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE could not lay down the work without this expression of appreciation, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, to him whose kindness has never failed, whose words of encouragement were ever valued and whose presence in any work has ever been a sure token that "all is well."

ANNIE GOODLOE RANDALL.

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